

MWPP The life of Remus Lupin

by Janet

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Summary: Schooling from a werewolf's point of view. Previously named MMPP Year 1 first half.

## 1. Prologue

Prologue

><br>

> I looked out the window. It was a clear night. I always found that bright stars <br>and full moons drew me to them. The moon was like a great big crystal ball in the sky.

> I guess I felt that if I looked hard enough I would see my future in it.<br>

> I opened my window. The cool night air blew my hair across my cheeks. Still it was <br>not enough, I wanted to be under the stars. I sat on the windowsill and pushed off with

>my hands. I almost landed on my feet, I had to put my hands to the ground to keep from <br>falling over. I ran away from my house to the woods that were only a couple blocks away.

>There were fewer lights there and the sky was brighter.<br>

> I heard rustling in a bush a few paces ahead. There are all sorts of animals that <br>live here. It makes in the forest exciting. You never know what you will meet. As I walked

>past the bush something leaped out at me. Having heard the rustling, I was already on my <br>guard. I dodged the animal and started to run.

><br> Finally I caught a good look at it. It was a very large wolf, but not completely

>wolf-like. I had a feeling that I should know what it was, but I was too terrified to think. <br>I ran for a tree, but just as I was starting to climb up it, something grabbed my pant leg.

><br> I struggled against it, but it was too strong. I was dragged off of the tree. It let go

>of my pants. I did not even get a chance to run before I felt something tear into my shoulder. <br>I fell to my knees. That last thing I saw before I blacked out was the bright orb that hung in

>the dark sky.<br>

## 2. MMPP Year 1 first half

Platform nine and three-quarters. Taking a deep breath I stepped onto the train. Looking around I found an empty car in the back of the train, and sat down and thinking about whom I was and how I had come to be on the train to the greatest school of witchcraft there ever was.

> <br> My Mom was a witch, my father a wizard... Me? I was a werewolf. No matter how much they love me, I still see pity in their eyes. When I cannot sleep, I hear them talking. Ashamed of me, I am sure. We always were moving. Every time I broke free at the night of a full moon something would happen and we would run. Finally we settled in a house in the middle of the woods. Of course they said that it was because it was a better place for me to grow up. No crime, no one to pick on me at school. That was not the real reason. I was the danger, and they were not protecting me from them, they were protecting them from me. It never even entered my mind that I would ever have a true friend who would not care what I was. All I ever thought was about all who would reject me if they knew. That is why I was surprised when the letter came.

> <br> It was a nice breezy summer night for the woods; full moon was over two weeks away. Life was at its highest point. Then the owl came. I caught sight of it while finishing the outside chores.

> <br> As I ran inside, I heard my father mention my name.

> <br> "They want Remus at Hogwarts, Kyndred. They cannot possibly know what he is." My Father said, Letter in hand.

> <br> "But, we should write Dumbledore, tell him! If there is a possibility our son could grow up somewhat normal... Maybe with Dumbledore, it would be safe!" Replied my mother, feeding the owl.

> <br> I turned away to my room, I knew the answer. What headmaster would want a werewolf endangering his students?

> <br> The next week, I learned how wrong I was. I had been accepted! Accepted to the greatest school in the world! The drive was a long one. We lived quite far from our destination. Yes, we had a car; it was my mother's proudest possession.

> <br>

> The Door to my compartment opened, interrupting my thoughts.<br>

> "Hey, who are you? My name Severus. Know what house you are going to be in?" Severus said. There was a look on his face that looked like a cat stalking his prey. I just shook my head to say that I did not know.<br>

> I did not have to be good with people to be able to tell that this one was trouble. Oh, he was nice enough... but it seemed to be more from the fact that he was trying to learn his surroundings than that he was a nice guy.<br>

> "I hope I am in Slytherin." Said the boy "I have heard it is for the people who want to be the very best at magic. You are quiet. Did you get a muting curse or something?"<br>

> "No." I said quietly, hoping the boy would leave, and that I would not be in his house, whichever one it was.<br>

> My first hope was quickly granted. Severus seemed to decide that I was not worth his time and left promptly.<br>

> Alone again I lay back in my seat and thought back to my first time in Diagon Alley.<br>

> I had to get my books, wand and other school supplies.<br>

> My books were easy enough. Had to wait in line for ten minutes, but

that was the worst of it.<br>

> The wand was another matter. I had to try hundreds of wands before one chose me. I wondered if the wands could sense what I was. I got my answer by what wand ended up choosing me.<br>

> "Strange, very strange." Said the wand dealer.<br>

> "What is it?" I asked, a bit worried. Could he tell what I was?<br>

> "Your wand, it is the only one of it's kind. The hairs of a werewolf, the hairs were donated by a werewolf hunter... Very strange indeed. Well, I do not know what the strengths of a werewolf hair are, but we shall see, shall we not?"<br>

> I nodded slowly, paid for my wand and left the store. Reminded that I was now, as much as ever, inhuman. Even the wands could sense it.<br>

> The door opened, once again interrupting my thoughts. This time two people my own age came in. Neither of them was Severus. They both smiled genuinely.<br>

> "Mind if we sit here?" Said the first boy.<br>

> "All other seats are taken." Stated the second.<br>

> "Which I hear is not uncommon." The first one continued.<br>

> I nodded, halfway wishing to be alone, half way wishing that I could get to know these two better. They seemed to be genuine in their kind looks.<br>

> "Hi, my name is James, and this is Sirius." Spoke the first boy again.<br>

> "We just met." Spoke Sirius.<br>

> I nodded.<br>

> They looked at me expectantly. It took me a moment to realize why.<br>

> They want to know your name, you fool! I said to myself. Out loud I answered their unasked question, still softly. "Remus Lupin, Remus is my name."<br>

> "Hey, Remus. First year?" I nodded an answer to James' question as he continued on. "Ours too."<br>

> The train started with a lurch. I blinked in surprise and looked out of the window.<br>

> "Woo Hoo! We are on our way!" Shouted Sirius.<br>

> "I hope I am in Gryffindor. My parents were there when they were my age." Said James, sounding slightly nervous.<br>

> "The house for the brave!" laughed Sirius "Well, I will be glad as long as I am not in Slytherin"<br>

> "What is wrong with Slytherin?" I asked, getting drawn into the conversation.<br>

> I learned what each of the houses stood for. Slytherin had turned out more evil wizards and witches than any other house. I hoped that I would not be placed there, but where could you place a werewolf?<br>

> By the end of the trip, I was growing to like Sirius Black, and James Potter. I think they were even considering me a friend. My first, if it was true.<br>

> A giant called to the first years, and we all rowed to the shore of Hogwarts. Hogwarts itself was a castle, bigger than any building I had ever before seen. <br>

> The inside was even more spectacular than the outside. Even with being warned by James about what the inside would look like, (He read it in a book) I was not prepared. The ceiling was enchanted to look exactly like the sky outside. A shooting star flew by overhead. Myself, along with the other first years were shoos into a large room. Four large tables stood off to one side. I could not believe I was here. Time moved so strangely, I missed what they said we were to

do, but understood when the hat began to sing its song<br>  
> "All we need to do is try on a hat?" Said someone in front of me.  
"Seems a rather dull way to find out what house one is in."<br>  
> Me, I was worried about it saying that there was nothing in ones  
head that it could not see.<br>  
> Names were called; they seemed to be in alphabetical order. Good, I  
would be called near the middle. At least I was not first. The hat  
called out the name of the house that each person would belong in:  
Ravenclaw, Gryffindor, Slytherin and Hufflepuff!<br>  
> When the name of a house was called, the table of that house would  
cheer as loudly as they could. Sirius Black was in Gryffindor. It was  
getting too close to the time I would be called. What if I was not  
given a house? What if the hat yelled 'Werewolf!' what would people  
do? What could I do?<br>  
> The person right before myself was placed into Slytherin. My name  
was called. It was all I could do to not turn around and run away. I  
forced myself to take one step, then another. After what seemed to me  
like hours, I grasped the hat and placed it on my head.<br>  
> "Hmm." Said a voice in my head. It took me a minute that the voice  
came directly from the hat. "A Werewolf. Now that, I admit is a  
first."<br>  
> I took a deep breath and waited, the Hat went on. "Well, a lot of  
loyalty, a definite desire to learn, and talent. Unused, yes, but  
certainly there. And a ton of fear, surpassed only by the willingness  
to face that fear. Better be GRYFFINDOR!" Shouted the hat, so all  
could hear.<br>  
> I carefully took off the hat, and walked to the Gryffindor table,  
the whole table was cheering for me. I had never felt so happy  
before. Sirius Black slapped me on the back, with a big grin on his  
face."<br>  
> "Alright Remus!" He called.<br>  
> A few more people went by and then James' name was called.<br>  
> Be in Gryffindor, Please be in Gryffindor! I thought to myself. And  
he was! Almost as soon as the hat touched his head, it screamed the  
Gryffindor house name!<br>  
> Black grinned and high fived James. "Well, that has just determined  
it."<br>  
> I must have looked confused, because he laughed then continued. "We  
are meant to be friends. It is our destiny" This was definitely a  
great day.<br>  
> I looked back to the sorting just in time to find out that Severus  
had received his wish and was indeed placed in Slytherin.<br>  
> After six more people were sorted, a wizard called everyone to  
attention. He introduced himself as Dumbledore.<br>  
> "The headmaster?" I asked. James nodded. I listened.<br>  
> "Welcome to another year at Hogwarts!" The school broke up into a  
great cheer. It felt great to be a part of that greeting. Dumbledore  
spoke on, mentioning to stay away from the forbidden forest. Not to  
be caught walking around at night. (I looked over at Sirius and James  
at that point to see if they noticed that Dumbledore said not to be  
'Caught' instead of not to do it. They nodded and grinned at me.)  
<br>  
> At the end of his speech, we sang the school song. With everyone  
singing different tunes to the song, there was no order, but oddly  
enough, it made the song seem all the more fun and interesting!<br>  
  
> After the Song came the feast, and was it ever a feast! The tables  
were filled with good looking (and great tasting!) food of all kinds!  
There was even a small bowl of every flavored beans. ("Very  
dangerous, I once ate one meant to taste like muggle pollution" Said

Sirius.)<br>

> Just when I thought I could eat no more, the food was magically cleared away and was replaced by dessert. I found that I could eat more. By the time I had finished my second helping of pumpkin pie, the tables were again magically cleared.<br>

> Again Dumbledore stood to speak. This time it was another warning. There was a new tree planted, and we were told to be careful of it... for it was very dangerous. The Whomping willow, it was called.<br>

> I looked over at my new friends to see what they made of this news; they shrugged, and looked as puzzled as I felt.<br>

> My first thought was if they added a new tree to the forbidden forest each year, but this tree was not really near the forest. <br>

> We were let out of our gathering, and us first years were told to follow our prefects to learn the passwords to their house common rooms.<br>

> "Polleywoggle!" Said a prefect, seemingly to a portrait of a fat lady. To my great surprise, the portrait swung open to reveal a comfortable looking room.<br>

> I blinked, amazed. "Amazing, just like magic." I whispered.<br>

> I had not realized that anyone heard me until I heard Sirius laughing, not cruelly, at me. He wisped back, "Is that not why we are here?"<br>

> I laughed and nodded, feeling a bit sheepish. <br>

> I quickly memorized the password, and after I saw where my sleeping quarters were, I left to go outside.<br>

> Despite my great fear of a full moon, I have always loved the night, and it was indeed a beautiful night. I sat down on the ground, away from the castle, and looked up at the stars. A shadow blocked the light from the stars above. I looked up, knowing that I was not supposed to be out of my common room this late. It was Dumbledore. I stood up, wondering if I would be punished.<br>

> "I am glad I caught you away from everyone. I wanted to speak to you." He said, softly, as if not to startle me.<br>

> "Looking for me, sir? Why is that?" I asked, keeping myself from bolting.<br>

> "Before you came here, I was told about a certain problem, regarding the night of a full moon."<br>

> "You know about that, sir?" I asked, turning my gaze towards the ground.<br>

> "Yes I did." He said pointedly. "And I still decided to accept you at this school."<br>

> That surprised me so much, I forgot to be worried.<br>

> "Now, we just need to discuss the proper precautions." <br>

> "I am sorry, sir. Precautions?" I asked, quite curious.<br>

> The headmaster looked slightly amused, but then his disposition changed. He looked at me in a very serious manner. "Unfortunately, there is no cure from turning into a werewolf. But there may just be a way for you to still receive a normal education, and even a normal life here without anyone getting hurt by you in your transformed state." I marveled at Dumbledore's ability to say what he said while still making me feel human, even wanted.<br>

> "You may remember me telling the school to beware the Whomping willow." He continued. "Well, that is not for you. Come with me please." I nodded and walked beside him as he led me to the tree. "This tree is very dangerous." Dumbledore spoke again, stopping near the tree. "Unless, that is, you know its secret." <br>

> The Whomping Willow reached out one of its branches and tried to

slap the headmaster and I. It narrowly missed, but I still backed away a step. Dumbledore, on the other hand, calmly bent over and picked up a long stick.<br>

> "Watch closely." The headmaster said to me, and so I did. Dumbledore pushed the stick against the Trunk of the Whomping willow. Against the knot in its trunk, to be exact. The tree froze. Where before, the tree was moving as if it were alive and angry, it now stood stock still to as where it almost looked as a normal tree would look. Almost.<br>

> Still keeping the stick against the knot of the tree, Dumbledore walked right up to the tree's trunk. He then beckoned me to follow. I did so after only a moment's hesitation, watching the tree, as a mouse would eye a sleeping cat. The tree stayed in its frozen position.<br>

> Leading me to what I could now see was a hole under the roots of the tree, Dumbledore dropped the stick, and we both entered the dark passage.<br>

> The walk was a long one. After five minutes of walking, slowly, in silence, I asked a question that had been burning in my mind.

"Sir?"<br>

> "Hmm?" Replied Dumbledore.<br>

> "Was the Whomping Willow planted to keep me in here?"<br>

> Dumbledore stayed silent for a moment, thinking over his reply, before answering. "It was planted as much to keep people out as it was to keep your transformed self in." Although I tried to mask my concern, Dumbledore saw my doubt flicker on my face, stopped walking, and commented on what I was worrying about.<br>

> "Remus. You are not the werewolf. It is true that there is one inside of you, and that it does, and will come out... but it is not you. I am not protecting the students from you, or even a part of you. I am protecting the students from a completely different creature that has nothing to do with who you are, except for the fact that to survive, it needs to share your life. Just because during the time that the creature comes out is a danger to people, does not mean that you are or will ever become evil. I have complete faith in you."<br>

> I nodded, and we walked on. "Thank you, headmaster."<br>

> A few feet later we reached a door, which Dumbledore opened. He then closed the door and explained to me that I needed to come to this place either the night before, or the morning before every full moon. He explained that I should stay here until noon of the next day, and then visit the nurse for a checkup.<br>

> "You have five more days until the next full moon," Commented the headmaster as we headed back.<br>

> I nodded in reply.<br>

> "You know what to do? Any questions or concerns?"<br>

> I shook my head. The headmaster smiled at me and nodded. When we reached the exit, Dumbledore took picked up the stick from where it had fallen and pressed back against the trunk of the tree until we were safely out of its reach. The headmaster then bid me goodnight and I went back to the Gryffindor common room. From there I went to my sleeping chambers where James and Sirius were waiting up for my return.<br>

> "Where have you been?" whispered Sirius.<br>

> "I left to go outside. The stars are bright tonight." I said, skipping around the entire reason I was away for so long.<br>

> "Isn't it a bit early to be breaking the rules?" Asked James with a laugh.<br>

> "Early?" I said, enjoying myself, and joking around. "It is 11:00 PM. I am behind schedule!"<br>

> My two new friends laughed at that, and Sirius replied. "Oh this is going to be a great year for mischief, is it not?"<br>

> "You just started this school, how do you know if you can get away with it here?" I asked in surprise.<br>

> "You know," said James. "Lupin has a valid point. How do you know we can get away with it? I hear that this headmaster is the best ever."<br>

> Sirius laughed at our concerns. "Not get away with mischief? Impossible! You can get away with that anywhere. As long as it is all in good fun."<br>

> We then turned off our lights, and so ended my first day at Hogwarts.<br>

> Morning came, and I followed James and Sirius to breakfast. We ate quickly, and then left to find our class.<br>

> Classes were difficult to find. One staircase, on the way to find our first class, kept turning into a ramp whenever someone would step on either the first or the eighth step. Because of this, James, Sirius and I kept sliding down the stairs and were quite late to class. Of course Peeves, the school poltergeist did not make things any easier. The moment we had figured out how to get up the stairs and were nearly at the top, Peeves landed on the fourth step, made the staircase turn back into a ramp, and leaped away jeering at us as we slid down.<br>

> Out of all of the ghosts in Hogwarts, (Nearly Headless Nick, and the Bloody Baron. You do not see them much, but I learned that there is a ghost for each house) the flashy, gaudy Peeves was the most annoying.<br>

> Fortunately our first class was so boring that we were almost glad to be late. ("We have just discovered the cure to Insomnia!" Whispered James) It was my opinion that the class would have been much more interesting if the professor had only used a less monotonous voice.<br>

> Defense Against the Dark Arts was by far my favorite subject. The one who taught that class, Professor White promised that we could choose the first lesson next year if we all passed the final exams with flying colors. (Of course my first thought at that was to use my wand to make paint fly. This just goes to show how much time I spent with Black and Potter.) Since everyone was so annoyed with Peeves, the popular vote was to study Poltergeists. Hopefully to learn enough to stop getting tricked by one. <br>

> The Professor just laughed at this. And said, "Well, this is going to be an interesting year."<br>

> The only class that I could not stand was Transfiguration. It was taught by Professor Kyle, the head teacher of Slytherin. Professor Kyle was cruel to everyone. Fortunately he showed favor to no one, not even the members of his own house.<br>

> Every time a student made a mistake he would take away house points, and more often than not, give the person detention.<br>

> The five days before the full moon passed quickly, and before I knew it, it was time to take the passageway to the house where I would live out my transformation. <br>

> I chose to leave the night before rather than the next morning for fear of having to explain to my friends why I was leaving.<br>

> It took me fifteen minutes to make my way to the Whomping Willow. The reason that my journey took so much time was that I had to keep dodging out of the sight of the groundskeeper, Filch. He was famous for catching students in places that they did not belong&#160;| and his punishments were not to be desired.<br>

> It was true that I was allowed to be out here, Dumbledore's orders, but I was not sure if Filch knew that.<br>

> Being that it was the night before my first Hogwarts transformation, I slept little. I tossed and turned most of the night. Thankfully those hours that I did sleep left me well rested when I awoke the next day.<br>

> During the day I practiced my schoolwork to keep from falling behind. When it began to grow dark I put away my schoolwork so it would remain safe from my werewolf half that night.<br>

> Sitting alone in the house those couple hours before the moon came out, I had a lot of time to think. To occupy my time I thought about all of the things that James, Sirius and I had done over the past five days.<br>

> James came up with the idea that Filch used secret passages to get around Hogwarts so quickly. James thought that if we watched for Filch carefully, we might be able to figure out a few of those passageways.<br> During the time that we were watching Filch, we learned of two secret passages and received one detention each.

> <br> We spent the detention cleaning the restroom... without magic. The passageways were by far worth the punishment.

> <br> With this knowledge, (And perhaps even if we did not have it.) we three decided that we would become the greatest pranksters that Hogwarts had ever seen. Of course, we would not let them catch us.

> <br> \*\*PAIN!\*\*

> <br> It was starting! Turning into a werewolf is not exactly a pleasurable experience. It \*\*HURT! \*\*

> <br> I could feel the snout grow to replace my nose; the hairs grew out of skin, each feeling as an ingrown toenail would; my hands and feet grew out into clawed paws. I howled in pain. My hearing and sense of smell noticeably improved, but by that time another mind had all but replaced my own.

> <br> The next thing I knew, I woke up. The sun was shining through the window. The neat little shack had been torn apart. I have a hazy memory of throwing a chair across the room, and chewing on the drapes.

> <br> Although I was glad to be over the werewolf stage for another month, I did not feel well. The experience usually left me a bit dizzy. This time was no exception.

> <br> I walked over to a chair that was still in one piece and sat down.

> <br> Thinking about the past is often the only way that I survive the time before and after I change. To remember the past reminds me that there is a future. Lately my past has been better.

> <br> James and Sirius were very good students. I could see that although only five days had passed. We often joked about it, they said that to be able to pull off really good pranks, one had to learn what was needed to be known to pull off the trick.

> <br> Of course they were right, so I studied all the harder.

> <br> It was Sirius who had thought up our first prank.

> <br> "That staircase that turned into a rampâ€| people have learned to avoid the fourth and eighth step." Sirius had commented.

> <br> James and I had nodded, wondering where this would lead.

> <br> Well, It certainly led somewhere.

> <br> James, Sirius, and I placed a spell on the staircase so that stepping on the fifth and ninth step would also turn it into a ramp.

> <br> Everyone fell for itâ€| Literally.

> <br> We, of course, we not caught. We were too good.

> <br>

> Finally it was time to leave the shack I was in, and visit the nurse. I found my way to her office without a problem.<br>



> Twenty minute later I was on my way back to the Gryffindor common room. (As it was Saturday, I had no class to attend.<br>

> When I had arrived at the portrait of the fat lady, I decided to first see if she could help me on a matter of great importance.<br>

> "Do you know where the Hogwarts secret passages are?" I asked her.<br>

> The fat lady just smiled at me, an odd look on her face, and gave me directions to another painting that may be able to help me.<br>

> The lad in the painting was indeed able to help! Over the next two hours I learned five new passageways, one of which led to the non-muggle town of Hogsmeade.<br>

> I then thanked the boy in the picture, set up a time to meet him again, and went back to my common room. From there I went to my bedroom, which I shared with the other first year boys. My friends were waiting for me, and looked as if they had been waiting a while.<br>

> "Where have you been?" James asked calmly. Sirius had deep annoyance etched upon his face. It seemed as if James was holding him back.<br>

> "You have been gone nearly two days, you know that of course. Where were you?" He continued, in a voice barely above a whisper.<br>

> "And do not say that you came in late and left early... We stayed up all night waiting for you to come in." Sirius warned, looking as if he was holding back what he wanted to say, or should I say... Really want to yell.<br>

> Sirius usually had a good temper, but if for any reason, you ever made him mad, the safest place to be would be to be buried in your own grave. It would hurt less. James was always good at keeping him from lashing out too much. James was the most level headed of the three of us.<br>

> While my two friends where asking after my whereabouts, I chose to discard my plan of bluffing my way thru it by saying that I was out looking for secret passages, and decided to stick with an outright lie.<br>

> "My mother was ill, she asked for me to come see her."<br>

> "How did you find out?" Sirius grilled me.<br>

> "Dumbledore." I answered.<br>

> "How did you get there and back?"<br>

> "Floo powder, off school ground." I said without hesitation, trying to sound as if I was not thinking up what I was saying on the spot.<br>

> "Why did you not tell us before you left?" James asked, concerned. Also breaking Sirius' 'Grill the Werewolf' session.<br>

> I paused a moment before answering. "You were asleep, it was late... I did not think... Did not wish to wake you." <br>

> Sirius' scowl softened before asking softly, "Why did you not write a note?"<br>

> I could not answer that. I walked over to me bed and sat down. "I do not know." I answered slowly.<br>

> Sirius punched me playfully in the arm. "Cheer up. Oh, Remus?"<br>

> "Yes?" I asked carefully.<br>

> "Did you happen to see the moon last night?" Sirius continued.<br>

> "What?! No! Why do you ask? I meanâ€¦ No I did not, why?" I asked in a near panic.<br>

> "Oh, no reason. Just that the first night at school, you spoke of how much you love the nightâ€¦" Sirius continued, taken aback.<br>

> "Ah, n-no! Missed it. Was taking care of my mom. Yeah. Nothing to do with the fu...moon. I was too busy to get a chance to go outside." I stuttered.<br>  
 > Before they had a chance to detect any sign of nervousness, I changed the subject.<br>  
 > "What are we going to do tomorrow?"<br>  
 > "What we do every chance we get." James replied.<br> "Find more secret passages!" Finished Sirius.  
 > <br> "How many do you think we shall find?" I asked, grinning.  
 > <br> "One." James said hopefully.  
 > <br> "Two if we are lucky." Sirius stated.  
 > <br> "How about five?" I asked in a tone that dared them to ask me what I meant.  
 > <br> "Are you crazy? We have been following Filch for days, we have only found two, how do you expect us to find five in only ONE day?" Sirius demanded,  
 > <br> "By finding them tonight instead." I replied saying everything and telling nothing at the same time.  
 > <br> With my friends' eyes following my every move, I took up a quill and a spare piece of parchment and started drawing a detailed map of the inside of Hogwarts.  
 > <br> In seven places in the map I placed X's. I numbered each X and on the back of the map I wrote how to get into the passage.  
 > <br> Staring at me in disbelief, James and Sirius took the map in their hands and the three of us started out of our dormitory to see how we could use this new information.  
 > <br> That, my friends, concludes the first half of my version Lupin's first year. Although only the first week was written, the rest should not be quite so long. Maybe.  
 > <br>

\*\*\*Disclaimer\*\*\*

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> I do not own these characters, they are the property and the creation of J. K. Rowling. I am just a fan who spends her time thinking up ways things could be. <br>  
 > I would like to thank all of the people who had to and still are putting up with me while writing this story.<br>  
 > <font> --Janet  
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### 3. MMPP Year 1 concluded

Within days James, Sirius, and I found all the secret passages that the boy in the painting knew of, and transferred them to a map we drew of the school.  
 > <br> While searching, a boy in the same year as we were caught wind of what we were doing and started sticking to us like glue.  
 > <br> "Peter Pettigrew? Isn't he the one who always is trying to make friends with the fifth years?" Commented Sirius on one of the few times we were able to get away from Peter.  
 > <br> "That's him." I replied.  
 > <br> "About time he got his head out of the clouds and started hanging around people his own age." James said. "But why did it have to be us?" He joked.  
 > <br> "Well!" Sirius exclaimed. "If he is going to hang around us,

he has to learn the ropes."

> <br> And so it was. Over the next few weeks, it was our project to turn the kid into something more respectable, and lessâ€¦ shall I say, whiney. Before long it was as if he was always a part of the group.

> It was now time for my second Hogwarts changing. I had to be careful; Sirius had noticed that it was a full moon last time I was "missing". I had to tell them before I left this time.<br>

> It took a little rehearsing, but finally my story sounded convincing. The main problem was: How to bring it about?<br>

> Telling my friends that I had to look something up, I went to the library. I read about spells, memorized charms, and finally found what I was looking for.<br>

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**\*\*Quick heal broken bones\*\*\*\***

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When once you are in trouble,

> And a quick way out you need:<br> The best way out, with a painful shout,

> Is an arm broke in half for all to see.<br> Just chant the words I tell you,

> And all I said will come true <br> Specify arm, nail, leg or tooth

> And immediately you will have your excuse.<br> With a painful SNAP for all to hear,

> To a limb, no resemblance will it bear.<br> Yet within ten minutes or so,

> If a break was there, it will not show,<br> Within this spell, it will heal alone.

> No more broken bone.<br>

> Chant these words when the time is right.<br> "Azure, assure, break in the night.

> Accursed, for worse, fill it with fright.<br> Unnamed, in pain, yet left with no scar,

> Unharméd, unarmed, bright as a star."<font>

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I quickly memorized the chant and prepared to use it "When the time was right."

> <br> That time came soon enough.

> <br> Despite Dumbledore's rule of staying away from the Whomping Willow, many of the students played around it, daring it to hit them, then running away shrieking with laughter when it could not reach them. Others tried to dash in between the thrashing branches to touch the trunk of the lively tree. A great deal of them have had to limp to the school nurse to mend a bone, or to fix a deep gash.

> <br> Although James, Sirius, Peter and I did not take part in that, we did go watch them every now and then, we even placed friendly bets on how many people would get injured in one hour's time.

> <br> Today when we went to check it out, I "accidentally" went within reach of the willow. When the willow reached out to strike me, it came so close that it \_looked \_like it hit me **\*\*Hard\*\***. At the same time, I chanted the spell I had learned. My bone in my arm split

straight through with a CRACK. \*\*Pain!\*\* The spell did not lie, it hurt! But I was used to pain.

> <br> I told my concerned friends that I had to go to the nurse, and then I ran off towards the school. I hid in a room that was not in use and stayed there until night fell, my arm healed within minutes.

> <br> All too soon came the walk down to the Whomping Willow.

> <br> All went as usual, except instead of messing up a neat house while being a werewolf, I thrashed a messy house.

> <br> The morning following the full moon, I checked in with the nurse, as I was directed to do. Glancing at the time, I found that I was still in time for the first class of the day. If I could get to it within two minutes.

> <br> I ran full out and was only a minute late. For once I was glad that History of magic was so dull, being that my transformation usually leaves me feeling drained.

> <br> I ignored the questioning glances that my friends threw my way, smiling as if nothing was unusual.

> <br> When my friends did get a chance to ask me why I was away so long, I just convinced them that all was well. More lies. I felt bad about lying so much. But there was no other way. What could I do, tell them what I was? The very thought was laughable. 'Hey guys, guess what. I have been lying to you the last couple months. The reason I am gone so often is that once a month I turn into a creature both hated and feared by most of the world.'

> <br> Not a pleasant thought.

> <br> The Christmas Holidays came quickly. Most people went home for their vacation; James and Peter were no exception.

> <br> In fact, out of all the first year male Gryffindors, only Sirius and I remained.

> <br> I am not certain why Sirius remained, he did not say and I did not ask, but I could not go. You see if anything went wrong, I could put a lot of people in danger. Now granted. Nothing has ever gone wrong with the Hogwarts express, But as this was my first year. Better not.

> <br> The day that the people away from Hogwarts come back from their vacation, it would be a full moon. Not ideal terms to travel with a werewolf. My parent supported my decision, and so here I am.

> <br> Christmas Eve came and went. The morning after, I awoke to find presents littering the base of my bed. Sirius threw back his bed curtains and awoke to the very same spectacle only moments after I did the same.

> <br> "Going to start without me, were you?" Sirius asked.

> <br> I answered with a grin and we both dove into the wrapped packages.

> <br> I received a new school robe from my dad, a new book from my mom (Expecting the Unexpected: A Tale of Precautions against Misfortunes.), A package of exploding rocks from Sirius ("Thanks Sirius!" I said), A dozen sugarquills from Peter. The last two presents I groaned as soon as I saw them. A Package of Flea powder and a bone from my brother. Which it goes without saying, I promptly hid. I also received a book from James (Practical Spells for the Practical Joker).

> <br> Sirius noticed my expression and laughed at my explanation. That was the very same book that I gave James for Christmas. Of course, Sirius laughing got me into a fit of laughter myself. All in all, it was a great Christmas.

> <br> The feast was like nothing that I have ever been to before. The bewitched ceiling was lit up with the yellows, oranges, golds,

and reds of the Christmas sunset. The Great Hall itself was a spectacular sight to behold. Real pine trees decorated the large room, magical bubbles in shades of green, orange, red, gold, purple, and silver were strewn from wall to wall. The room itself seemed to glow with a pride of being decked out so extravagantly. There was a feeling of joy that radiated from everyone. The feast lain out on the golden platters, perfectly prepared, stretched the whole length of each house table. Candles placed around the hall burned with a life of their own.

> <br> Halfway into our feast, the bewitched ceiling darkened with clouds and it started to snow. A great cheer broke out, and even the teachers smiled at the thought of snow. Or else they were laughing at our reaction. Dumbledore, pointed his wand at the ceiling and soft white flakes fell into the school, disappearing a foot above the table.

> <br> In all truth, I was disappointed to see the evening end.

> <br> By the time I got to bed, it was nearly midnight. I was asleep the moment my head touched the pillow.

> <br> The rest of the vacation went quickly and quite smoothly, except for when Sirius found the little present that my brother sent me. I explained it away by saying that my family sent it as a joke, as if it were a present from the dog. (Another lie, seeing as we have no dog.)

> <br> All too soon, the holiday came to a close, and it was time to disappear to the Whomping Willow again.

> <br> I was getting worried; there were rumors that a group of ghosts took residence in the house that I stayed at. I was worried that someone may investigate it while I occupied it. The building seemed to have picked up the name "The Shrieking Shack". A new worry was that people would notice that the loud wails only happened once a month on a full moon. But now was not a good time to worry about it, you see, the full moon does not wait for worries to go away. It comes, slow and steady, with time.

> <br> It felt like death rumbling closer, unstoppable, and inescapable. I had no idea how I could keep this secret like this. Someone in the village was bound to figure out that there was a werewolf around. Wouldn't they?

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> <br> When the full moon had passed, my greatest fear was facing Peter, James, and Sirius. (Peter and James had returned when I was gone)

> <br> Strangely enough, they did not ask me any questions, although James and Sirius eyed me oddly.

> <br> I know that I should be glad, but I could not shake the feeling of uneasiness.

> <br> None of my three friends seemed to notice my next two transformations. No questions were asked, not even the strange stares.

> <br> The only thing that seemed strange in how Peter would not stay alone in a room with me, and he seemed a bit skittishâ€| but then again, this IS Peter that I am talking about. There is probably nothing to it. I think that I am just getting nervous. Hiding what I am seems too easy now. I should not worry; for once perhaps all is well.

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> No, all is not well. It is now near the end of the year, there have been rumors, just rumor. Oh no, I never thought that they would be

true. NEVER! You know how things are when you think that things might just work out, it often becomes worse? Well it just did.Â We got the news today.Â James's father was said to be missing. He just disappeared. For no reason. I had heard rumors of other wizards missing, but there was no one close to meâ€ until now.<br>  
> We had just finished our end of the year exams when I heard the news. <br>  
> "Did you here about Mr. Potter?" "He did?" "Where?" "Why?" "Missing!" I heard whispers all around. From the look on James' face, I could see the truth.<br>  
> He did not talk to me, to anyone. He would not even meet my eyes. A couple days went by. We had only two days until the year was over. I had nearly given up talking to James when he approached me.<br>  
> He did not speak of his father, but there was a new light in his eye, one of determination, but I could not tell why he was determined. Â <br>  
> Sirius and James passed their exams with flying colors. Literally. The charms exam was on entertainment and how to make colors take shape in mid air. You would have to see it to understand. They passed all their other exams with high marks. I did okay, except in defense against dark arts class. Being a werewolf, I knew more about dark arts then many of my classmates did. Peter also passed, but only by practicing the method of scraping by. <br>  
> The last two days flew by now that my friends were by my side, and soon we were boarding the Hogwarts Express.<br>  
> I was just starting to miss school, and all the good times that I had with my friends when Peter, James, and Sirius joined me at the back of the train. James and Sirius came and sat next to me, Peter sat down across the room, reading a book upside down.<br>  
> I was about to laugh and let Peter know about his book when James and Sirius confronted my disappearances for the first time in months.<br>  
> "Once a month." Spoke James softly.<br>  
> "You leave once a month." Sirius added.<br>  
> I took in a quick breath and was about to defend myself, but James did not give me a chance.<br>  
> "Oh well, we were wondering, Sirius and I that is, would you like to come to visit us on the 18th of July?"<br>  
> Full moon that night. If I said yes, I would endanger them. If I said no, would I be confirming what they suspect?Â I was not expecting this. At any other time I would have expected them to ask, but not now.<br>  
> "M-my mom. I cannot, I have toâ€|" Once again I was not allowed to finish what I was going to say.<br>  
> "Stay home, locked away." Sirius said<br>  
> "Away from people" James continued for him.<br>  
> They both nod at me. "Full moon" they both say at the very same time.<br>  
> There is only one reason to be gone every full moon.<br>  
> I looked nervously at each of them. Peter hid further behind his book an tried to slide even further away from me.<br>  
> "Remus Lupin," James said in a whisper. "You are a werewolf!"<br>

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> Janet<font>  
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#### 4. MMPP Year 2 beginning

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> <br> What I did next is nothing to brag about, but what can one do when confronted with their greatest fear?  
> <br> I ran. It was probably the wisest thing that I could do at the moment. I spent the remainder of the trip in one of the many boys' bathrooms. I will not describe all that I went through, but I will say that by the time the train had stopped, my lunch was no longer in my stomach, where it belonged.  
> <br> By some miracle, I made it to my parents without being seen by my friendsâ€”no, I do not know what they are now, I guess they have become former companions. I put my belonging in the trunk of the car and sat down. My Dad was just pulling away as I saw James running after me as fast as he could.  
> <br> Seeing the boy, my dad stopped the car.  
> <br> "Dad!" I said, about ready to panic or just get out of the car and run some more, "Please, please just go, I, I cannot talk to him, not now!"  
> <br> My father nodded and pulled away. Perhaps the request surprised him, or maybe he heard the urgency in my voice.  
> <br>  
> Back home, no one asked me anything, although it seemed that they were worried. I could not confide in them as I always had. I guess I felt as if I had let them down. I did not tell them, but I had already made up my mind on the matter. I was not going to finish school.<br>  
> It had only been my third day home when something happened that awoke me from my anguish. An owl came to my window. It bared a letter. It was from James. At the sight of it I knew what was in it, a threat, perhaps blackmail. Probably saying to do everything he said or he would tell the school.<br>  
> My self-pity turned into a deep anger at my old friends. I took the letter from the owl and fed her, then sent the owl back to James, with the very letter he sent meâ€”unopened.<br>  
> For a while, I was out of my sad, hurt mood. There was a fire in my eyes. Instead of feeling as if I had somehow betrayed my friends, it was them I felt who betrayed me.<br>  
> Over the few couple weeks, I had received a dozen more letters. I did to them as I had the first. Returned them unopened.<br>  
> Finally it was the point of no return. I had to tell my parents that I was not going back. It did not go as planned.<br>  
> "You cannot let some idiots keep you from becoming a great wizard!" My mother argued.<br>  
> "Besides," my father agreed, "Talk to Dumbledore, he will keep those people from talking."<br>  
> "This is the only chance you have to become something other than a feared being with little knowledge."<br>  
> "It is agreed then, you are going!"<br>  
> Thus it was, and there was nothing I could do about it.<br>  
> <br>

> After a while I stopped receiving letters, I guess they gave up, I was glad.<br>

> Time flew by, and soon it was time to buy my school supplies. I had to buy them a week early as I had a transformation two days before I had to go to school.<br>

> For once I was glad to have to transform, that meant that I would not be in Diagon Alley at the time that James, Sirius, and Peter would be there.<br>

> This transformation was the worst yet. I was nervous, angry, and panicking over the thought of returning to school. It was not like last year when I thought that no one would befriend me; this year my old friends knew who I was, and if I wanted to keep my secret I would be at their mercy.<br>

> Perhaps I should not care who knew that I was a werewolf, at least people would leave me alone; so great is the fear of my kind.<br>

> Despite my decision, when I boarded the train to Hogwarts I made sure that I found an empty car before I sat down for the ride. Yes, I did decide that I would not care what people thought of me, but that was no reason to put myself in a place where I would have to talk to them.<br>

> I guess I was lucky; I did not meet up with anyone that I knew while on the train. A couple first years did decide to share the car with me. They were twins, brother and sister. They were quite quiet, a bit shy I think.<br>

> Before long we ended our journey and the bulk of the students went to school on the horseless carriages. The exception to this was the first year students; they were brought to school by boat.<br>

> At the sorting, I sat far away from Peter, James, and Sirius. Funny, I do not think they even saw me yet. This was the last place I could hide from them. Once we went to our bed, they would see me. All second year Gryffindor boys share a dormitory.<br>

> I notice the twins as they came in; they were talking to a raven-haired girl. The twins were looking quite shaken.<br>

> I sat lost in my thoughts until the twin the first twin was called. Although I did not know them, I was curious where they would be placed.<br>

> Rubin and Robin Freeson were placed into Gryffindor. The girl that they were talking to was placed in Ravenclaw.<br>

> Before long, the feast was served. Turkey and roast beef and chicken, OH MY! It was great. I had forgotten how good the food is here!<br>

> My joy at a full stomach lasted only as long as the table was full. When it was time to go to our dorms, I stayed at the end of the line. Around me were mostly first years. I did not mind; it gave me some time to think. <br>

> We were just told the password when a hand grabbed my shoulder. When I started to yell, there was something blocking my mouth. I was not able to see who or what had me. All I knew is that they were taking me further back from everyone else.<br>

> "Who do you think you are?" Said a familiar voice.<br>

> "Yeah, Running away from us at the station was bad enough, but then not even opening our letters?"<br>

> I broke their grasp and turned to face them.<br>

> "Just because you know what I am does not mean the I will let you manipulate me! Go ahead, tell everyone, I can't get any worse off then I was before! So. Quite. Trying. To. Control. Me! I do not give a care what you think, you stay out of my way, and I will stay out of yours."<br>

> I turned away from Sirius and James. I wondered briefly where Peter



was, but I did not get a chance to do much more than that.<br>  
> A sharp pain went through my skull as Sirius' fist connected with the back of my head.<br>  
> I fell to my knees, put my hand to my head, and then jumped up to face Sirius.<br>  
> "What do you think you are doing?" I readied myself to fight both James and Sirius, but what Sirius said stopped me short.<br>  
> "I was trying to knock some sense into you."<br>  
> "W-w-what do you mean?" I stuttered.<br>  
> "You idiot!" James jumped in. "You think we care that you are a werewolf? We don't. We made friends with Remus the personality, not Remus that human. If human were the case, then we would like Severus."<br>  
> "Fine line. I think he is half snake." Sirius muttered.<br>  
> "I could not speak, no word would come. For the first time in my life, I had friends, the real kind. They were the kinds who see me for who, not what I am.<br>  
> <br> NEXT CHAPTER VOLTEMORT RETURNS, AND THIS TIME HE DOES MORE THEN JUST CAUSE PEOPLE TO DISAPPEAR!  
> <br> Preview:  
> <br> New traveled fast, but it was hard to tell fact from rumors. Some people said that school was closing early; others said that Dumbledore was not going to send any of us home for the summer. All I knew for sure is that people were choosing sides. This Voldemort wizard was killing nearly everyone who did not follow him upon his command. James' father was still missing, and it did not take much thought to be able to tell why. It all tied to this unknown wizard.  
> <br> I do not know what is to be done about school, but what I do know is that the sky was darkened by numerous owls, and very few were addressed to the students of Hogwarts.

End  
file.